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FIVE CENTS.

FATHER KESSELER.

The Beautiful Death of One of New York's Beloved Clergymen.

When the Ship Went Down He Was Granting Absolution.

Gave Up His Life While Trying to Save the Souls of Others.

Tribute Paid to His Memory by the Only Woman Survivor.

BLESSED THE DOOMED PASSENGERS

A grand and beautiful figure against the background of horror and death on board the sinking *Bourgogne* was a New York priest, the Rev. Anthony Kessler, the "Saint of Harlem." When the ship went down he was granting absolution. Indifferent to his own life, he died saving souls; his face turned toward heaven, his hands outstretched in blessing. A nobler example of Christian fortitude, of heroic self-abnegation, has never been witnessed.

After thirty-three years of continuous labor, without one vacation, in St. Joseph's parish, he was returning to the home of his boyhood in Germany. It had been the dream of his life to revisit that home, yet so remarkable was his devotion to duty that he would not have left his flock even for a day had not a committee of priests and parishioners waited upon him and begged him to go.

He was the best loved priest in New York. He was known the length and breadth of Harlem as a saint. The Catholic church mourns his loss. No priest was ever honored with higher ceremonies than was he at the requiem mass at St. Joseph's on Tuesday, and the extraordinary honor of a Pontifical high mass at the Catholic Cathedral was given him, Archbishop Corrigan presiding.

Mrs. A. de Lacasse, the only woman survivor of the wreck of the *Bourgogne*, and an eye-witness of his heroism, has written to the New York Sunday Journal this inspiring story of his heroic last moments and of his death:

Father Kessler was the hero of the *Bourgogne*. He died that others might live. He forgot to don his life preserver, and gave no thought to the battle unto death for a place in the life-boats when the ship was sinking. He spent all the precious moments when he might have been saving his life in trying to save the souls of others. He died at his post on the deck of his vessel, his face turned toward the darkling sky, his hands outstretched in blessing.

He deserves canonization, this late Saint Anthony of active virtues.

He died while granting absolution. He would have saved while others desecrated.

I am a Protestant, but I revere this Catholic priest as I do no other hero of the world.

The sublimity of his sacrifice appeals to my religious fervor. The picturesqueness of his act challenges my artistic appreciation.

I recognized his heroism as a tremendous truth, amid the horror and

darkness and death of the day of disaster, July 4, but I see with yet clearer vision since a week has passed and I review the awful event.

Father Kessler stands the beautiful central figure in a picture of brutality and ghouliness beyond the ken of man, as the Christ in a dance of demons.

While creatures called men killed women and children to make room upon boat or raft for themselves, he stood upon the deck and prayed for all.

After the collision I ran upon the deck with my husband. The passengers were crowding together and fighting like madmen for a place in the boats. The officers were shouting orders, but no one heeded. The

strode swiftly toward us where we were crowded, starboard amidship. He looked majestic in his black robes. His benign face was sad but calm. It wore the look of entire resignation. I have seen such a rapt expression only on the faces of Raphael's saints.

As he approached us we fell to our knees. My husband knelt close to me and held my hand in a grasp that hurt. About us were twenty men and women and half-grown children.

The roar of the machinery and the hissing of escaping steam almost drowned the priest's voice, but we strained our eyes to see his face. It was bent above us longest as my husband and I knelt there shivering. I think he saw that we were husband and wife, and that we wanted to die

The moment after he passed there was an ominous crash. One of the boats had fallen from the mast where it swung. The vessel dipped, the water swirled about us and we were carried off the sinking ship by the waves.

My terrified eyes, strained toward the ship, caught the last mortal view of Father Kessler. He stood by the rail of the deck. His hands were still stretched out as though invoking a blessing upon some kneeling one. The one who had knelt a moment before had been snatched away by the waves. The priest's face was turned upward, still with that sad, calm, resigned expression, and even as I looked it seemed that the expression changed to one of joy.

this noble priest's soul at the little church on Columbus avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street on Tuesday morning. It was the saddest and the most solemn service I ever heard. The sobs of men, women and children to whom he had ministered all their lives drowned the chanting of the priests and mingled with the organ miserere.

"He was like a father to us all," wept a woman with deep, sad lines in her face. "His visits to our homes were more welcome than the breath of the spring flowers. We called him the 'Saint of Harlem.'"

I was glad to tell the parishioners and priests who loved him, I am glad to tell all the world, that it may revere him, the story of how Father Kessler,

SHERIDAN.

Charles A. Dana Tells the Kind of Man the General Was.

He Did Not Stay in the Rear and Give Orders to the Soldiers.

Went to the Front and Took the Same Chances as His Men.

His Promotion to the Rank of Major General in the Regular Army.

HIS GREAT POPULARITY WITH ALL

In October, 1864, just after the arrest of the Baltimore merchants, I visited Sheridan at his headquarters in the Shenandoah Valley. He had finished the work of clearing out the valley by the battle of Cedar Creek on October 19, and the Government wanted to recognize the victory by promoting him to the rank of Major General in the regular army. There were numerous volunteer officers in the regular army, and it was regarded as a considerable distinction. The appointment was made, and then, as an additional compliment to General Sheridan, instead of sending him the commission by an ordinary officer from the department, Mr. Stanton decided that I would better deliver it. I started on October 22, going by special train to Harper's Ferry, whither I had telegraphed for an escort to be ready for me. I was delayed, so that I did not get away from Harper's Ferry until about 3 o'clock on the morning of October 23. It was a distance of about fifty miles to Sheridan, and by riding all day I got there about 11 o'clock at night. Sheridan had gone to bed; but in time of war one never delays in carrying out orders, whatever their nature. The General was awakened and soon was out of his tent, and there, by the flare of an army torch, and in the presence of a few sleepy aides-de-camp and of my own tired escort, I presented Sheridan his commission as a Major General in the regular army. He did not say much, nor could he have been expected to under the circumstances, though he showed lively satisfaction in the Government's appreciation of his services, and spoke most heartily, I recall, of the manner in which the administration had always supported him.

The next morning after the little ceremony the General asked me if I would not like to ride through the army with him. It was exactly what I did want to do, and we were soon on horseback and off. We rode through the entire army that morning, dismounting now and then to give me an opportunity to pay my respects to officers whom I knew. I was struck, in riding the lines, by the universal demonstration of affection for Sheridan. Everybody seemed to be personally attached to him. He was like the most popular man after an election—the whole force everywhere honored him. Finally I said to the General: "I wish you would explain one thing to me. Here I find all these people, of every rank—generals, ser-

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A LITTLE BIT OF SUGAR FOR THE BIRD.

England still presses home argument after argument in favor of the ridiculous American alliance.—Dublin Independent.

crew seemed paralyzed with fright or insane in their desire to crowd into the boats and escape from the doomed ship. The waves lashing the sides of the vessel sounded like the growl of a great hungry beast. To add to all this terror we were in semi-darkness.

The steamship gave evidence of settling and listing. It was as though the foundation was passing from beneath our feet, as though there were a new heaven and a new earth, from which we were being banished to hell. It was a time of horror to make men mad.

I heard the scream of a woman. It was the shriek of one who had just received a mortal blow. Some one shouted that an Italian had stabbed a woman who had tried to get in a boat before him. The babel of voices was like a chorus of lost souls. I felt that my reason was going. A hush fell upon the shrieking, fighting mob. Father Kessler was coming. He

or live together. His fingers touched our heads for an instant.

"Courage and peace for the end has come," I heard him say.

He passed on to the next and the next. He could stop for but an instant, for there were so many in need of a blessing—770 souls—and there were groups collecting and awaiting him in kneeling attitude further on, but each bent head in our group received his touch and his blessing.

The faces about me had been white with terror before. Their owners had crouched in an attitude that was abject to animism. But when Father Kessler had touched and blessed and passed on the faces lost their tenseness. The brightness of a purpose filled them. The figures rose. The priest had given them the courage to battle for life and courage to yield if the battle was against them. He helped some to live and the rest to die.

I believe that even then the gates of Paradise had opened upon the sight of Father Kessler. The wind blew his white hair about his forehead and cheeks. It looked like the silver halo of a transfigured saint. And still his hands were stretched out in blessing.

The water rose above his waist. It reached his breast. It covered his outstretched hands, and then—I dared not look longer. A gurgle as from a monster throat sounded in our ears. We were drawn to the outer edge of a black, hungry maelstrom and we knew the ship had gone down.

Of our rescue by the good Captain Henderson, of the *Cromartyshire*, every one knows.

It but remains for us to pay tribute to the hero of the *Bourgogne*, than whom no man, living or dead, is worthier of praise.

The Rev. Anthony Kessler was the pastor in charge of St. Joseph's parish. We attended the requiem for

like our Saviour, died that others might be saved.

We noticed Father Kessler on the day of our sailing. Whether he was a first or second cabin or steerage passenger no one seemed to know. He was seen in all three parts of the ship, but he stayed longest in the steerage, least in the first cabin.

In the unspeakable hours of that morning he crucified and buried self. Life-boats and life-preservers were not for him while one soul on the *Bourgogne* was yet unshriven. He granted absolution to half a hundred, and there was no one to grant it to him at the last moment, when he died at duty, none but Him whose blessings are the most efficacious, the Most High.

The memory of his face as it looked while he was sinking my husband and I will carry through our lives as a benediction.

So died and ascended into heaven the bravest man I ever knew, so was translated the loftiest soul, the soul of Father Kessler, the hero of the *Bourgogne*.